THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL

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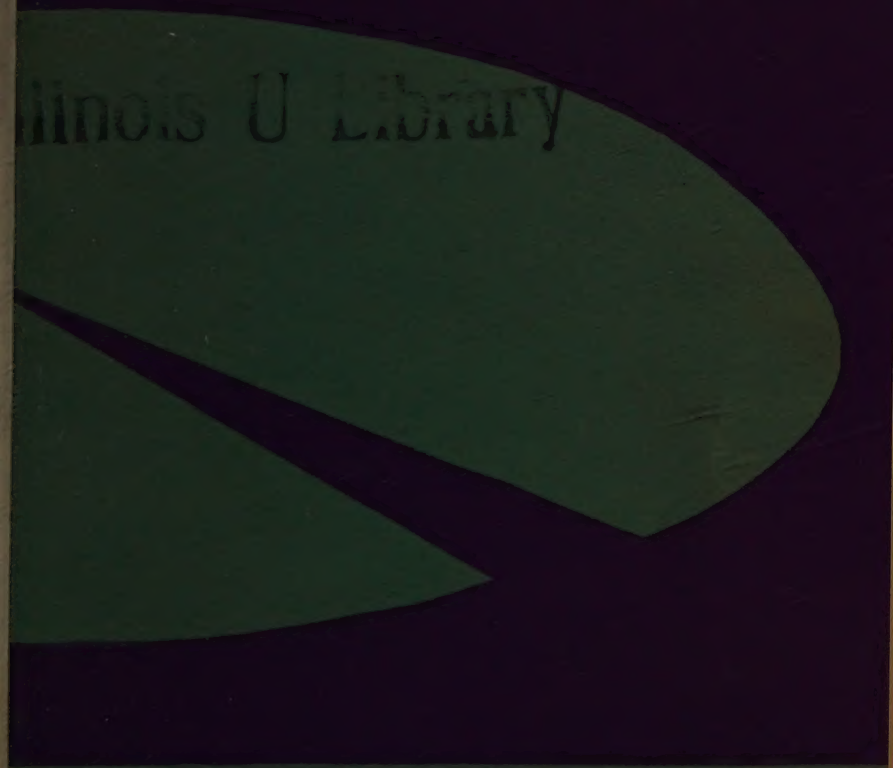

SUMMER 1956 35c

GUEST EDITOR PETER VIERECK

Cover Design by Franklin Boggs

THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL
is published quarterly by Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin. Subscription rates are $1.35 for one year and $3.50 for three years. Manuscripts are solicited but cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. EDITORIAL BOARD: Chad Walsh, Robert H. Glauber, David M. Stocking, David Ignatow, Marion Kingston Stocking. Associates: Editorial—Lou B. Noll; Art—Franklin Boggs. Copyright, 1956, by The Beloit Poetry Journal. National distributor: B. de Boer, Bloomfield, N. J.

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THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL

Volume 6 - Number 4 Summer 1956

A NOTE on "Younger Poets"

It is not that the emperor has no clothes but that the clothes have no emperor. That is, our Mandarins Junior-Grade imitate docilely the literary clothing of Eliot, Pound, or Stevens but lack the rebellious originality that thirty years ago filled that clothing so imperially. Because lyricism requires unadjustedness, a maturity of technique in the very young is no longer the virtue it used to be; it may merely freeze them into conventionality (a conventionally "unconventional" modernism). To ring true, a mature style must be hard-won, not an unearned inheritance. Younger poets suffering from this disease of premature maturity seem to be wearing an urbane, ironic smile already with their diapers.

In contrast with that fashionable elegance, the criteria for this selection of younger poets have been spontaneity, lyricism, intensity. An ideal example here of these three much-needed qualities is James Dickey's "The Flight" (any poet with such intense imagery deserves to be published in book form soon). Too incomplete to call itself an anthology, this selection claims merely to present the **most lyrical unpublished** work of one sample cross-section of younger poets. Some are already well-established, deservedly so; others like John Hay, who has one of the best ears for lyric rhythms of anyone writing today, deserve vastly more recognition than so far received. (At the request of the regular editors, something has also been included from my forthcoming book of verse, "The Persimmon Tree.")

Peter Viereck, Guest Editor

2

HIS CATARACT IS REMOVED, LETTING THE LIGHT IN

Since it is up, and dizzingly bright,
That is the sky; and that, because spray in the air
And sounds of scrape and smash come from it,
That band of broken, unresting greens is the sea.

On the sand, at a damp mound, I notice twins,
Oblongs of beach-life, reversed identicals,
Glowing (as everything glows); I touch to learn:
Feet: whose head shouts "What's the matter with you?"

It's long as my forearm, pointed, and pale green.
With my eyes shut I smell it: eucalyptus;
Lift it: a leaf. But light is all if you look—
This grey sand flea, this twig's brown socket: light, light.

Love's touchings have taught me the texture of your roundness;
But which of these in white and blue bathing suits,
Dazzling beyond identity, can you be?
How could my blindness have learned your shades of brown?

His red and blue umbrella tilts cornerless;
His robe is yellow, his hair black smoothing to grey,
And the dusted black of his skin is netted with cracks;
Only if I touch him could I guess his age;

Meanwhile I love him because he radiates
Glory—not his, yet without him not.
Glory is what I hope never to learn,
The making light visible on, say, you.

George P. Elliott

3

THE MOTH

The light browses, wading these shallow walls
As though it could be patient, but can not.
A light comes through and gradually recalls
Me to a place that no-one would have thought
Hidden within the manoeuvering waterfalls,
The trim cascades. The walls. The walls. The walls.
A death's head moth is fluttering in my room.

Darkness knocks at the window. I hear it move.
The light is trying to reach it but can not.
Land is outside, earth and the fields I love
And would be still as but that every thought
Makes flesh a wall of water where lights have
Drunk and gone on. They move. They move. They move.
A death's head moth is fluttering in my room.

I follow hard on a whole herd of light,
And try to see by it, but I can not.
Only the walls, water, land, windows, darkness, night,
Impel themselves at me. My flesh and thought
Feel for a destination, but my sight
Meets only light. The light. The light. The light.
A death's head moth is fluttering in my room.

Burns Singer

4

SUMMERS AGO—for Edith Sitwell

The ferryman fairied us out to sea
Gold gold gold sang the apple-tree

Children I told you I tell you our sun was a hail of gold!
I say that sun stoned, that sun stormed our tranquil, our
blue bay
bellsweet saltfresh water (bluer than tongue-can-tell,
daughter)
and dazed us, darlings, and dazzled us, I say that sun
crazed
(that sun clove) our serene as ceramic selves and our noon
glazed cove,
and children all that grew wild by the wonderful water
shot tall
as tomorrow, reeds suddenly shockingly green had
sprouted like sorrow
and crimson explosions of roses arose in that flurry of
Danaean glory
while at night we did swoon ah we swanned to a silverer
moonlight than listen or lute,
we trysted in gondolas blown from glass and kissed in
fluted Venetian bliss.

Sister and brother I your mother
Once was a girl in skirling weather
Though summer and swan must alter, falter,
I walked on the water once, son and daughter.

Isabella Gardner

IN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Whales hang bone naked high in the inland air
Here within these vaulted roofs of history
Where the city men may stand and stare
At these bones and guess them the fishy
Fiend that once gave Ahab his deepest scare.

Talking of whales with Ahab or Jonah
Would have been better, for this museum air
Has so impotentized the fish of evil
That his mere shadows flicker on the walls.
It's not that Satan's father with his fingers made

Shadows into monsters on the walls of Hell:
How deep that Cave or rank the fumes
Grim Ahab nor moist Jonah would never tell.
Nor such delirious fears as lined their dooms
Are told by these dry skeletons of air.

Robert Richman

THE EYES OF CHILDREN AT THE BRINK OF THE SEA'S GRASP

The eyes of children at the brink of the sea's
Grasp, dilate, fix; their water-sculpted hair
Models their heads; crouching a little they stare
In motionless ecstasy of panic

As the upreared load, tilting, tilting titanic
Pitches and shocks them in a rainbow crash

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And is upon them with a cat's flash
Before the nearest shrieks and flees.

Most true terror carries them high to us
Up sand as white and dry as safety—thereafter
Gooseflesh and shudders rack them to drunken laughter.
They reel, self-conscious, pantomiming . . .

But presently sober, cautious down the shining
Dark slope of invitation, outward, to the prize
Of shaping danger they go—and widen their eyes
Innocent and voluptuous.

Josephine Jacobsen

WORLD VIEW

The stir of a man through a whirlpool of air
    Sucked the hawk backward and down.
    Lithe waters caught fire, wild weather
Went whirling the three-o'clock sun around.
A decade of seaweed split open a boulder
    The burning high tide gulped down.
    In the hawk's high lingering stare
The spell of a man, shuttered by boughs,
    Became a fallen feather of sound.

Edwin Honig

CLAIR DE LUNE (after Laforgue)

It comes with the force of a body blow
That the Moon is a place one cannot go.
    The world is yours when you advance,
    Moon, through magical August silence!
When you toss, majestic mastless wreck
In seas where black cloud-breakers break!
    Ah, if my desolate soul could mount
    The steps to your pure baptismal fount!
O blinded planet, fatal light
For the migratory Icarian flight!
    Great sterile Eye of Suicide,
    The disgusted have convened, preside!
Icy skull, make mockery
Of bald, incurable bureaucracy;
    O pill of absolute lethargy,
    Be dissolved in our cranial cavity!
Diana with overly Doric chlamys,
Take up thy quiver, do thy damage.
    With thy one dart inoculate
    Wingless love that sleepeth late!
Planet flooded with powerful spray
May one chaste antifebrile ray
    Descend and bathe my sheet tonight
    So I may wash my hand of life!

William Jay Smith

8

FLOWERS (in a vase in Elba)

Wild world music, unconscious bravery
Of being; kittens stand spear-furred and arched;
Crying, crying, all the concourse here
Of flowers; vivid before our X-ray eyes—
The flames that give them all they have of form.
A martyr song of actuality,
Crystalized in all its wild constraint,
Rings each petalled flower, each diagonal stem.

There is no dimension for lament
In time's perpetual crucifixion.

Julian McMaster

A SECOND SONG WE SING FOR OUR LOST INNOCENCE

I rode with my father in a truck
To a pleasant country
Where you turn to the right
I think it was called Saint
Louis for I sang that name
So loud over the heavy wheels.

When I grew old I lost
The turn to the right
I never could find that
Beautiful land though I sang
So loud and I drove
Clear to the edge of town and back.

John Logan

WATERSKIING: SARATOGA LAKE

Swung like a toy upon this bright
And ancient blue festooned with firs I joy
To feel wet rope snap tight —
The sudden tug plays with me like a boy,
The ski divides the water like a dream — gaily
The dripping strip lights up the sabered wake,
As the boat burns like a jewel through the lake.

Magnetic toy and stationary glaze,
Dancer and dance, signed fast in steely glitter,
I joy harmless to sway through foaming haze,
Cut spray like fields of flowers in the air,
Pass through the vulnerable spaces and where
The water hardens in the sun's last glare
Inscribe sleek scribbles on my blade of fire.

Omniscient skier on a leash of lead,
A steady shadow at the mythic rim,
Bird-like I circle wider, am unmade,
Made again into a mesmerizing gem,
A bloom that flames on its taut stem,
Knife like a diamond through this slice of glass,
And fall like flesh and bones, alas.

Geoffrey Wagner

10

ELEGY

What
is more incredible
than the dead who refuse to die
names of men standing up
while history whips & whirls around them

what
is stronger than true memory
lives no bookshelves can contain
for these men stretch beyond bindings
or social law or titles

they advance past syntax of praise
they voyage further than word colors
or stumbling inadequacy of language

they know the grip of hands
the practical impracticalities
that bridge gaps between dream & reality

they live forever as long as men live
their names rumble in undertones
their examples of perpetual revolt
sing like a human chorus between two stars

Leslie Woolf Hedley

11

THE SECOND COMING

Beside the tomb where the Messiah lay
The great white stone was rolled away;
Beside the tomb three soldiers sat;
They chewed their cud, and snored and spat.

And where the soldiers sat and spat,
Armies tramped, the worm and rat;
The Syrian and the Coptic Priest,
The bully and the mail-clad beast.

Each sect claimed its own corner,
Stabbed heretics, and every mourner
Of dead Christ who dared to mourn in his own way
Was called a heretic and shoved away.

There was the sallow Russian Priest,
His face as puffed and pale as yeast;
His garments made him seem a bat
From his winged coat to his peaked hat.

Then suddenly the confused tongues
Turned to a single uproar; the lungs
Were pierced by a great cry,
"What is that mushroom in the sky?"

Suddenly babbling tongues were still;
A single hush fell on them all:

12

"It is the Second Coming," they cried.
"It is man's Doom," the sky replied.

A solitary tower of fire,
Above the city higher, higher,
With golden fist filled up the sky;
"Jerusalem," was what it wrote on high.

David Lutyens

OAKLEAF ELEGY

Oakleaves clinging to the bough
God knows how,
Spring's sinister spectators, skinny now,
Make music paper-thin.

Until the March wind whistles and they go
Head over tail down to
The town of no more dancing, where no light
Falls on dome or avenue or height

And music soft and subterranean
Laps them and they become
A part and portion of the lower town
And cannot recollect the upper one.

E. L. Mayo

TO WOMANLY BEAUTY IN MOTION

I. ODE

This way, that way, as distraction earns it,
Perfect beauty, turning with her side-glance,
Jars the taffeta of statue-poise with
Harmonies of rumplings. Only odes are
Fool enough for praise that earns no swerving
Shoulder and dislodges not one pin.

Motion, motion ruffles brooks and sinews
Back from winter. Beautiful is beauty
When she desecrates—redeems—her sculptured
Mere perfection back from Form to warmth.
Cleansed by clasping, sweet is imperfection;
Unwise waywardness laughs warmly wise.

Darling demagogy of the flesh,
Art's but static half-glimpse of your shimmer.
Rummaged spread of harbor after venture,
Yearly slope of loam toward warmth and wings:
What's ode's recording's immortality
But trashy shadow of that mortal sweep?

Arch spanning seed and crop in one shrined sweep,
Be sung; and never waste, to glance toward song,
The sensuous cataract your torso turns, —
Sinewing down from mobile pause of throat

To indolent cascades, then frieze of marble
Quicksand, a bunched up gentleness of storm.

Outside, the harsher storm of nations darkens;
You, too, the shieldlessness of harbors dooms.
Fallible human love in deluge-time,
I'll stay to drown with you if you will let me.
You'll waste no glance where, proffering their ice-floes
Of monumental deathlessness as rafts,

Ageless odes irrelevantly float.

II. PAEAN

You were the May of them all, as concrete as delight.
Flowingness—shoulder and half-turn—of sun-slope all morning:
See how it, see how you—girl-turn—yes, see how your motion
Raveled, unraveled the rays of the slant of your hair.
Then everything slanted and sloped, and I mounted your stair,
And your rays melted wild into rivers—I played on that ocean.
Am implicated—since then—in each turn of your turning,
My garden an armful of noon through a winter of night.

Peter Viereck

AQUILINE

I believe you come from mountains—
dark eagle-head
low-craniumed, level-haired—
from lonelier windshed
than climber ever dared;

believe whatever chiselled,
"Aquila Tenebros,"
eagle and gyrfalcon
alone could compass this
brow, beak and cheekbone;

and all of the million ages
since Archeopteryx
those eyes free-fall from
the invisible to transfix
heron or mountain-lamb

or heart of falconer quaking
against thicket and rock
at the awful long fall,
sudden acetelyne look,
of actual angel.

Peter Kane Dufault

16

THE FLIGHT

Come to stand, the hawk
Holds out his share of the moth:
In summer already is
Another place, and snow become
The listening of a myth,
Having dispersed the body from the stone.

Here among this green your child
Has broken the famine of statues.
Through the immovable dream of the air
He feels with the bird the stone drawn
By high-pencilled rocks from his feet.
The summer begins to shine without its eyes.

There is only the hawk's way to plunge
Into the universe, a field at course
Drumming with flowers,
Past the wire-dipped cloud of the cage.
You point the branching hammer of gravity
Toward him, as snow falls down invisibly onto shape,

And at the center of the falling,
Where dark has slept the white wound,
Divided undiscoverably, into the passing cliff,
You look to see him, turning his arms

In speculation, but he is not yet there.
He is floating in his last drink of water
Like the world-driven breath of the sea.
He plucks the sex from the sleeping horse
Who drinks from the brilliant river.

17

There, the bill of the pitcher balances
At your throat, that of the clearest

Raging drinker. You see him as the rain
Must raise its limits to the inner crown,
To fall white, in summer, through the mind.
The cage, renewing and trembling,
Goes over the small, broomed grass,
Floating its bones where the mouse sleeps.
One by one we are all together

In the massed, airy effect of the bars,
And the glade shimmers, intense, there,
Its stripes gliding inward as the wings grow
Over the heel-drafted, harlequin bed. Come:
Think your hand the tree

Where that bird might settle,
Having killed thus freely from his cage.
At every imagined touch, a branch may wander loose
Swaying inside the light. Your hand is like your face.
As the claws touch there, your roots release
The victim; dark strikes your heart in the child.

It is the way the animals lie there,
Bearing the earth, not able to ride it out.
The air-dead are on fire
With unknowable suspension, and from their wonder-
ment,
Like that of targets, the summer begins again to snow

For the lost hawk. Beneath, your cry breaks
Into the tongue of a healing wilderness.

18

In clear summer there is light
Beaten with thickets, smoked with thorns,
Wherefrom he rises like a ghost through the floors
Of an expanding home. Your heart looms

Impassibly and truly in your blood.
Distance changes the bright, flickering bruise
Under the eyelids of the dead,
And is nearing; the crystal cemeteries hang.
You look for your childhood buried in air,
But the small animals dance in flood,
In the open depth of shadow, increasing in judgment.

Here the hawk in one of your pupils
Finds one of his wings, and stares across
At the other, branching your brows together
Head to head with the child beside you in fury
Over the light victim. But the mouse is lost in snow,
In imagination come standing fully round
In nothing at all but white:
But the cage enveloping snow.

He is flying there. Snow: white, conjectural solidity:
King-headed hydra, sifting
Brow and crown. Something loiters into its stride,
And you begin to sprint the paths of the park,
Your child beside you, padding swift,

Freezing with murder, a knife you have given him
In either hand: you are blazing green,
He is white and lost, you the season
Of killing, and he blind with chance
In the closed center of morning.
And as you go, the watching eye

19

Is suddenly nature's, from a bole,
From the slow ascent of a leaf
Falling upward unnoticed through Heaven,
The first trance of a shorn lamb.
Your face is the mediocrity of a bush
Writing the wind in its head.
Your child whistles out into light
And scores with his eyes a brilliant right and left
Through snow into snow

Where you stop, with the cage panting round you,
And in the distance, diminishing,
Is the small shape with its mind lit
From the heart of nothing, its hands aflash,
Beautiful, low, and speeding. Turn your eyes

Like balanced coins, and on their outer side
The bird sits, the cage is falling like rain,
The dazed archer's mind of snow has brought
From itself the green of a beautiful prey
Immobilized and flowering everywhere,
Whose height the child marks in your side.
To be at all is to haunt the world.

James Dickey

20

A BOY IN THE MARVELLOUS CITY

A boy in the marvellous city
Is standing astonished.
What a profusion,
And no words for it!
(A job for a singer . . .
Apprentice's pay, but a future!)

Ecstasies of blue—In the electric
Night I've made my march
Akimbo . . . Night
The people's theater . . .
There lovers star, and beggars
Sing. Businessmen
Out for a stroll with their cunning
Enjoy what they paid for—life,
Ruthless and simple.

And sometimes in this city tall as night
The moon, in the red swirling of a cloud,
A flattery of towers, may portend
Something superb. But the illusion
Fades. Then in this Troy, this Rome,
The twinkling moon-calf Money rolls its eyes.

Here when we dream, disgust
Rises within us. Disgust
As clear and pure as joy
In Arcady. They woke, and it was there.

Louis Simpson

EL STREET

This is the midnight walk, the narrow street
darkest in daylight when the blowsy sleep;
now waked in neon to become
the sullen carnival of bums
and ancient furtives, the cat-haunted.
This is the circus of the Great Unwanted;
this is where painted ladies leap
the backs of nightmare, where the sweating freaks
are flaunted; or a menagerie wherein the beasts are
hunted,
among iron trees.
This is my sylvan path,
criss-crossed by sirens, the insomniac music;
and there are drums beating in dim dives.
I feel a thousand lives
beating against these windows barred with tracks
like vicious birds imprisoned for their great crimes' sakes.

David Melvin Paul

RECURRENCE

These final hours, acacia, eucalyptus
Vibrate candescent blond and blue-brushed green.
How long before? Not long. As earth-weight sagging
Mineral rigid, not one pliant stem
But yellow claw and iron; tropic wind

22

To lowering north: eugenia, wellbred bush,
Clipped by the well-made hailstones; every palm tree
Snarling rope. Look now. Their loose fronds swim
Casual with the weathercock's return.

The trouble is, of course, within me, waking
With a green metal underneath the tan,
To count the trite recurrences of sun.
The planet still rocks eastward. Am not sure
Why gray hair hurts, combing. Every evening
A hawk from that centennial sahuaro
Surveys our cactus country here below him.

Jeremy Ingalls

GUILT

When man preens most his reason,
Reason is his hive of guilt.
The guillotine delivers
The misled body from its busy vault.

When man loves most his heart,
His heart is held the criminal.
And firing squads line up and store
Their heavy honey in the waxen walls.

O let us quiet guilt! O kill
A masked man sitting in a metal chair!
Let bees of God swarm at the wrist,
And breath drone out to liberties of air.

Radcliffe Squires

HELL AS HOSPITAL

Calms in my desperation lead me
To locked, certain wards and onto pyres,
To anything arranged, by sadist or Committee
On Moral Hygiene. Even the coolest fires
Are planned. Nothing is less disorganized
Than torture when one views it from outside.

Recall the Belsen records. Time
Heals everything that still exists in time.
But time has skipped, and coughed, and wheezed and
died,
A dampened motor on the floods of Styx,
Within these wards, beside these wheels and racks
Whose clumsy ingenuity attracts
The light-struck eye, the one that quails and hides
In huddle, from the white coat (cloak and wings?)
Bearing the dull and measured hypodermic:
A cook's tool in a wrong and timeless place,
Where fires brown no food, and where no face
Is less or more than lewd.
And the last waking dream discovers only space.

Hanson Kellogg

24

A CARVING: HENRY MOORE

Grained seas of air
Comb through this clear
Wood, drifted here

As on a beach,
Honing warped ash
To lucid flesh.

This torn tree is
A woman, hairless,
With no face,

Vestigial,
Worn beautiful.
Her form is all

A twisted lip;
She broods, head up,
On vacant hip

And polished elbows;
Yearning flows
Through her repose;

One anguine hand
Hisses command
From her couch of sand.

Sheridan Baker

THE DEPTH

Blood hears
a thing of the heart,
a boom at sundown
where flowers,
light's showers,
thresh the waves
the skies ask for.
Down again, fish,
sound out that faith
which feels
flame for the drowned,
sea wounds
bound bells
currents in dawn—
the cruel roaming
of no thing
but salt and sorrow
bring or borrow
ebb and boom
the sea steers,
wind rises for.

John Hay

26

EPITHALAMION

Singing, today I married my white girl
beautiful in a barley field,
wise are her eyes so touch holy wood—
give my love to the loveless world
and all that is ours and gently good
to all the living but not the dead.

Now no more than vulnerable human
we, more than one, less than two,
are nearly ourselves in a barley field—
and only love is the rent that's due
though the bailiffs of time return anew
to all the living but not the dead.

Shipwrecked, the sun sinks down harbours
of a sky, unloads its liquid cargoes
of marigolds, and I and my white girl
lie still in the barley—who else wishes
to speak, what more can be said
by all the living against all the dead?

Come then all you wedding guests:
green ghost of trees, gold of barley,
you blackbird priests in the field,
you wind that shakes the pansy head
fluttering on a stalk like a butterfly;
come the living and come the dead.

Listen flowers, birds, winds, worlds,
tell all today that I married
more than a white girl in the barley—
for today I took to my human bed
flower and bird and wind and world
and all the living and all the dead.

Dannie Abse

THE ANGLE OF THE SUNLIGHT

The angle of the sunlight from the sill
Has touched your eyes, the eyes that my lips closed,
And opened them. They close again. The chill
Of early morning has proposed. We dozed,
I think, your arm across me and my head
Between your shoulder and a breast. The rise
And fall of your living lungs was a dreamed bed
Of steady waves floating me face to the skies
Of Christian paradise and pagan stars.
Perhaps we never truly fell asleep
The whole night, while the platinum bars
Of moonlight delved your face pale-high, dark-deep.
The angle of the sun is strong and steep.
I'll kiss your eyes and teach them back to sleep.

Chad Walsh

28

ELEGY

In every beautiful song is a promise of sleep.
I will sleep if you will sing to me,
but sing to me of sleep.
When the bells have hushed in the towers
and the towers are hushed from their sounds,
sing to me, strolling on silent streets.

David Ignatow

SKID ROW

**"Such human beings, so dirty, so depraved,
so animal, so lost (Christ in his degradation,
in his most hidden guise) . . ."**

Dorothy Day, "Here and Now"

Eyes, the eyes one cannot meet. Pain
of the twisted cord and the gnarled eye-beam,
the agony which raises, lowers again,
and blurs into the vexed narrow frame
the vision we detest, the shame, ability
to discern, analyze, the vision we detest.
The mind blurs with the eyes, mercifully,
and the caught throat pools in luminescence.
This final wickedness, the turned self
(the eyes we cannot meet soften line,
colloid messes of response and drift),
this ultimate hilarity, this screen,
we are absorbed into, refused and vile,
because the eyes we meet forgive, glaze, go blind.

Albert Paris Leary

ONLY PERHAPS MINE

Shaving before the misted mirror
I dare not turn my eyes
From reflection, although the face
Is hidden and defies
Even memory. Pressed against
The glass I liberate
A face in the mirror darkly,
While mornings wait.

Hollis Summers

THE SACRIFICE

Every poet is a sacrificial spirit,
Every song he sings is given
By special election in heaven
So that men may bear it.

Each toils, and throws his life away,
Gay as a boy tossing his cap up
For whether of tragic things and heavy
He lives in the senses' gayety.

Like some drunken bee plundering flowers,
Drunk with his gorgeous nature,
He gives a golden summer afternoon
Its fiction, intellectual and sensual.

Richard Eberhart

30

THE SALVAGERS

We children of our fathers signed in anger
Our covenant with charity and doubt.
Before the house is gutted, we will run
Cursing, to drag the stupefied tenants out.

Under that great parquet combustion festered
Year upon year, while they declared it sound.
Little enough of all their architecture
Will leave its tracings on the sooted ground.

Here in these rooms they gathered at the end
To practise manners and pronounce the word,
Drawing the damask of a perished mode
Against the dying town, the circling bird.

In keeping with our terms they are forgiven;
We have to let the words of virtue go.
Our wrathful love has no more breath for custom—
Too much was left until too late to do.

Here lived our fathers, here they did their worst,
And did it in the names of nobleness.
We salvage their intents to save our own:
The damnable is mixed with all we bless.

Adrienne Cecile Rich

RIM TO RHYTHM

. . . as the sea swirling, lunges, surges,
Throws a white arch, rising, reaching,
To fall and shatter on a dense rim
Of black enduring rocks,

Even as the single, myriad sea,
Renewed by ten thousand gorged sources,
Dissolves to renew source with substance,
Is driven to return and hurl its fullness,

As the driving, driven, breeding sea,
Forever rhythmed and swollen by difference,
Containing, contained in motion endless,
Arches all substance, source and power,

We, born for bearing, source beyond ending,
Driving are driven in rhythm to gather
Power, substance, and arching shatter
On the crusted thrust of the rim;

Slowly the black rocks wear away . . .

Thomas Fitzsimmons

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